

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 61 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 61 Park Row.
J. ANGELO SHAW, Treasurer, 61 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 61 Park Row.
MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.
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VOLUME 60.....NO. 21,170

DISCONTENT WITH PROSPERITY.

THE industrial phenomena now in evidence appear to be the direct result of discontent with prosperity. This word is an American shibboleth and though in full away has bred a state of mind that bids fair to wreck it.

For three years Europe poured its money into the United States for food, machinery and munitions, swinging the balance of trade heavily in our favor. For the two years following we expended our own earnings and savings with a lavish hand, determining to win the war quickly and at any cost. The war won, trade conditions become even more favorable to the United States. Wages leap, markets grow, commodities are in demand beyond supply, and the outcome is—discontent!

What is the explanation? Does it come from the customary inability of mankind to cherish the goose that lays the golden egg; is it due to the restless desire to experiment that comes from the rallying of the adventurous, such as form the American people, or to the downright selfishness of organized capital and organized labor, each bent upon pillage?

Is it possible that these are forgetting that this is one country and one people, whose interests are one and should be indissoluble?

Be not too sanguine of the effect of the sale of Government meat to an expectant public. The whole supply available amounts to about one and a quarter pounds to each inhabitant of the U. S. A.

THE B. R. T. STRIKE.

THE strike on the lines of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company is another deplorable incident in the turmoil of the day. It does not grow so much out of a question of wages as of power. A union which represents by no means the majority of the employees requires recognition, and, failing to secure this, strikes. Violence begins at once and a great population is imperiled and inconvenienced.

So far as treatment of its men is concerned, the corporation has always shown them more consideration than it has the public—but the latter never struck. Now the public is the victim of the quarrel and quite as helpless to deal with the strikers as it was with the corporation.

It is time we had some system of enforcing responsibility on both sides of a public service controversy.

The twenty-three-year-old Lieutenant Commander, William J. Rague Jr., who brought the Finland to port, was once a deliverer of The Evening World on Staten Island. He was always on his job then, and has not lost the habit. Some sea-mans for his years in the service, which date only from our entrance into the war!

\$3,500,000 MORE FOR MUSIC.

FOLLOWING on the magnificent Jaffray bequest for the development of music in New York comes the setting aside by George Eastman of \$3,500,000 for a similar purpose in Rochester. Such lavish endowments are dazzling to the mind, recalling, as we are apt to, the poor rewards that have reached all but a few in the world of melody. Great singers have had riches showered upon them, and now and then a superior pianist or violinist reaps a rare return. But the composer whose dreams they interpret, the poet whose lines make the song, and usually have been poorly paid. Accomplishments are rated cheap. They ought not to be.

Wall Street brokers report that most of the margins deposited are in Liberty Bonds. Let's see: \$22,000,000,000 would "protect" a two hundred billion gamble. The "boy's" ought to last!

Letters From the People

On "Account of the War."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
It is my belief that the subscribers of the telephone company should be relieved of the annoying "service" that has been given. The efficiency of the organization is at its lowest ebb. The other day I tried to get a very prominent lawyer, with an office on Broadway, on the wire, between 12 noon and 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The operator repeatedly informed me that "the party does not answer." The lawyer told me afterward that he had been in his office all day. One of my clients tried to reach me in my office for two days, but was told "the party has not answered" to his repeated efforts. I was in during the entire time. Can nothing be done to give subscribers the kind of service they pay for? I notice that the telephone company is always very prompt in sending out monthly bills, however.
P. M. K.
No. 21 Park Row.

What District?
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will you please let me know through your evening paper what Congressional District I am in? Mr. Peter Deoling is the Congressman. I asked lots of people and no one knows. Thanking you in advance for your trouble.
JOHN J. THOMAS,
312 West 54th Street, City.
You live in the Sixteenth Congressional District.

Puzzled!
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Kindly oblige me by stating which is correct: We are at our "wit's" end, or we are at our "wits' end." Yours very truly,
HERBERT BASS.
Answer: "We" is plural; therefore "wits" is plural possessive.

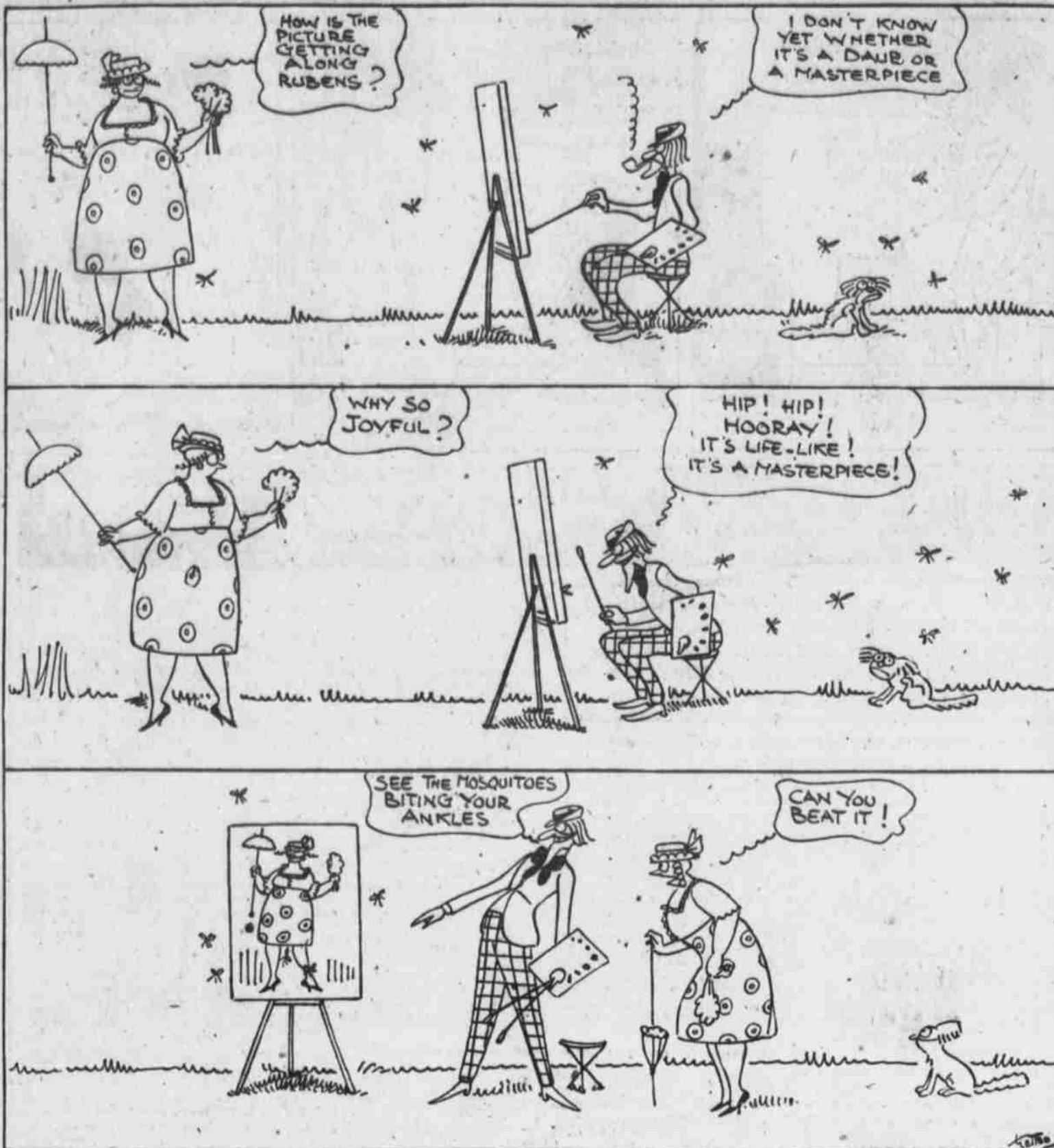
When You Camp On Sand

LOWING sand is another hardship on the beach; driven by a heavy wind it cuts like a scythe over everything not taken care of and shifts into every conceivable nook and cranny," says the August number of Boys' Life. "The tent, therefore, must be put up strongly, and staked down with care, the sod cloth carefully packed down with sand; if the wind shifts to the front, drive a couple of stakes into the sand to support a wide board on edge to keep out the flying particles. To avoid sanding everything in the tent, it is better not to lie on the sand, so it may seem the first night. It is far better to make a bed

Can You Beat It!

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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Gus May Not Be a Millionaire, but He Has a Moneyed Man's Perquisites.

IN the calm though somewhat hot and dusty evening, as Mr. Jarr came down the street after supper, taking the air, he was aware of his friend Rangle sitting on the stoop in front of the flathouse where he resided, reading an evening paper. "Did the Giants win to-day?" asked Mr. Jarr. "I didn't hear."

"I wasn't reading the baseball," said Rangle, "and anyway, this isn't the baseball extra. I've been reading about our Police Commissioner and his millionaire deputies. Funny that millionaires like that should want badges and 'Officer, do your duty!' authority. They have the civic duty bug, I guess."

"Do you fall for that civic duty bunk, too?" asked Mr. Jarr with a sneer. "Don't you know what those fellows got appointed deputy commissioners for?"

"I was telling you," said Rangle; "they want to be 'vigilant and efficient officers of the law, whose names are terror to evil doers, isn't that so?' Mr. Jarr's contempt was a wondrous thing to see."

"All that sort of stuff makes me sick!" he said. "They got deputy commissionerships so they can scorch around in their automobiles with the city tag on them and not get arrested. I was out riding in a friend's automobile Sunday and as we came down a steep hill, coming toward East Malaris, past the ruins of a big brewery—but all breweries are ruined now, even if they make near-beer—a hick constable stopped us with a warning that we were going over fourteen miles an hour. Just then a racing machine came tearing down the hill at ninety miles the hour, taking the top layer of the road with it, and my friend asked why that driver wasn't arrested."

"And why wasn't he?" asked Rangle.

"The constable said it was nineteenth Police Deputy Commissioner Gottawad's car, and he was probably chasing some criminal out stock broker. All the rich men out that way that own ninety-horse power racers are police commissioners' deputy sheriffs, and if they are stopped they say they are chasing malefactors."

"This is a free country, I don't think!" said Mr. Rangle bitterly. "It's enough to make a man a Bol-

shevist. Let's go get a drink. No, we can't get a drink. That's enough to make a man a Bolshevik twice over!"

"Gus was telling me he hadn't seen you for a few days—have you used up your credit or taste for near-beer?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"No," said Rangle, "but I'm cutting out Gus's place."

"Why?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Well," said Rangle, shaking his head, "I've seen that the authorities are going to make it criminal to even buy 2.75 beer at a dime a throw. First you couldn't get free lunch, and now you can't get even a hair tonic cocktail. But even with the within-the-law stuff Gus is now selling, his customers still get an insult with every drink. I'm not going to spend my money with a grouch who imagines he is doing you a favor when he sells you a sarsaparilla. What makes him like that?"

"You don't understand Gus; he's all right," said Mr. Jarr. "You want to josh him along. See that mutt?" Mr. Jarr pointed to a wobegone looking mongrel prowling near, and Mr. Rangle nodded.

"Get a string," said Mr. Jarr, "and we'll take the dog in and kid Gus that it's a champion rat dog and maybe sell it to him."

Rangle thought this a good idea, so with the dog in tow they entered Gus's place.

"What do you think of the dog, Gus?" asked Mr. Jarr genially.

"I'd be ashamed to tell you," said the proprietor, looking over the bar.

"That's an Abyssinian rat hound of the purest breed," said Mr. Jarr.

Gus didn't seem to be unduly excited and Mr. Jarr continued:

"You know what that dog did? He was taken up in an aeroplane with a gun. A half mile further up they dropped the dog and he caught the rat before he touched the ground!"

"Well," said Gus, calmly, looking at the dog again, "that was his business."

"Don't you want to buy him?" asked Rangle.

"No," said Gus. "What good is he to me?"

"Why, you've got rats here, lots of them," said Mr. Jarr.

"Ach, yes," said Gus, with a cunning look, "but I ain't got no aeroplane. I bet you can't bounce me. Anyway, I've been appointed a deputy commissioner and I can arrest you two for running a dog without a license!"

The Woman Alone

By Sophie Irene Loeb
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Work—And Work Hard in the Interest of Others

A FRIEND of mine writes me as follows:

"I am so much alone and so very lonesome. I would love to do something real. You are such a very busy woman that you can't realize what it means to spend one's life alone as I am doing. I am ready to give up!"

The trouble with my good friend is that she is too busy doing nothing. While I am writing this she is at a summer resort killing time. She will be there all summer and Father Time will chronicle her another year of nothingness.

Is it a small wonder she is ready to give up?

This woman has the desire to do things. She deplores being idle. As she says, she is bitterly lonely. But the great drawback to her doing something real and securing the feeling she so much desires, which is accomplishing something, will not easily come to her, because of one thing—she seeks only to do that kind of thing which is pleasant.

Now this woman could be a very successful worker because she usually accomplishes any bit of work she sets forth to do, such as getting up a dance, arranging a dinner party or giving an entertainment for some benefit.

Of course she realizes she cannot give dances and dinners all the time, even though it be for a good cause. Therefore, she hungers for something to do, because there is an innate goodness in her; an unselfish spirit, that is anxious to function.

I am going to answer her something like this, as I would to many other lonely women who long for something to do:

My dear, you will never get anywhere in the process of achievement unless you go into the work that will

command a little sacrifice from you. You must be ready and willing to come in touch with a little of the seamy and sordid side of life. Loneliness only comes from thinking too much of one's self and choosing only the thing that you want to do.

The very fact that you had to give up your little house in the country because you were unwilling to go there without the best equipped servants is proof enough that you don't want to bear with much that will take away from you your ease, your comfort and your peace of mind.

The only way to alleviate this distress and give service in the common cause is to be willing to do that which is necessary. For instance, there is much that you could have done this summer with so many committees and associations in the reconstruction period, but of course you put it off till fall because you would not miss your summer resort.

In a word, you want to choose a pleasant way to help humanity. This path is not always paved with pleasantness. Sometimes it is very sordid. But the pleasant part comes after you have gone through a little hardship and have really done some good—the glow of satisfaction that comes with having sacrificed a little and brought about something that might not have happened had you not put forth the effort.

Anybody can perform those things that are a pleasure to one's self. But the great souls who really arrive and who can count their good deeds usually have on the opposite side of their ledger many incidents and activities that in themselves were not to their liking, and perhaps bore-ome, yet they were necessary in the final achievement.

There is only one cure for the lonely person—and that is to work, to work hard and in the interest of others. It is only the drones in the hive that are left alone; the bees are always in the thick of things, others are drawn toward them and they haven't time to be lonesome.

The morning after the annual meeting at which Doc had planned to circumvent Old Bill, Mawruss, who had just returned from his vacation, asked:

"How did the fire meeting come out last night?"

"We're busted again," said Doc sadly. "Old Bill Skindem was re-elected Chairman of the Committee on Purchase and Supplies and he put over a resolution to buy a phonograph. What do we need with a phonograph when we only meet once a month?"

"Oh," said Mawruss, "but Old Bill knows he's just started his son in the phonograph business!"

How They Made Good

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 70—DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA, the Spanish Hero Who Saved Europe.

HE was a young Spaniard, half-brother of Philip II, King of Spain. Philip was fat, cruel, degenerate. Bitterly he envied this handsome half-brother of his, Geronimo; or, as he is known to history, Don John of Austria. And he made Don John's life a burden.

Every obstacle was thrown in Don John's way. Yet he swept them all aside and made good.

Don John wanted to be a soldier. Philip forbade this, as he forbade most things Don John wanted to do. He wanted Don John to become a monk. The young man refused. To check Don John's ambitions and to bury him forever in a departmental office, King Philip appointed him an honorary Admiral. This was in 1568.

Instead of contenting himself with the lax duties of his new rank Don John set out to win a name for himself—to make good. And in an incredibly short time he was the hero of Europe.

First he sailed against the Barbary pirates, who were crippling Spanish commerce, and he wiped these pests from the seas. Then he destroyed and drove out of Spain the fierce Moriscos, who for centuries had scourged the land. These exploits were but preliminaries for his real life-work. But they showed him a born strategist and leader of men.

Centuries earlier Charles Martel had driven back the Saracens who were overrunning the Continent. But of late the Turkish descendants of some of these Saracens had begun a series of monster invasions, which threatened to conquer all Europe and to make it a Mohammedan possession of Turkey.

By the middle of the sixteenth century the Turks had not only gained many strong footholds in Eastern Europe, but had made themselves the rulers of the Eastern seas. Nothing seemed able to check the steady encroachments of these Mohammedans.

Then, as a last resort, Spain and Venice and Rome formed an alliance against Turkey and raised a powerful fleet, with a force of 20,000 men, to oppose the invaders. Young Don John of Austria was placed in sole command of this expedition.

The world at large had scant hope in the fleet's success. It was probably for this reason that King Philip allowed Don John to take command of it. A crushing defeat, he knew, would do much to smash the youth's increasing popularity.

The Turks knew they could easily outnumber this single flotilla, and Don John was clever enough to foster this belief. He succeeded in making the enemy think his force was barely half as large as it really was and that he himself was certain he would be defeated.

The Turks, lulled to security by these beliefs, merely made ready to destroy the Christian fleet, and had no idea that Don John would dare attack them. Their warships were massed off Lepanto, in the Gulf of Corinth, preparing to sail forth against the despised foe. And here, on Oct. 7, 1571, Don John bore down upon the mighty Turkish armada.

"There," writes a historian, "one of the most sanguinary and epoch-making sea fights of history was waged. It was a contest of East against West, of Mohammedanism against Christianity. On its result hung the fate of Europe. And this vast burden of responsibility rested on the shoulders of Don John of Austria, a youth barely twenty-six years old!"

The battle was an overwhelming victory for Don John. More than 200 of Turkey's best warships were captured or burned to the water's edge. More than 25,000 Turks were captured or killed, and 15,000 Christians who had been enslaved and forced to serve in the Turkish Navy were set free.

Europe was saved. Turkey reeled back in weakness and terror from the incredible beating she had received.

The twenty-six-year-old Don John had made good. He had succeeded where countless older and more experienced leaders had failed. He had pushed past all obstacles and had won immortal fame.

The Gay Life of a Commuter

By Rube Towner

The Wide Awake Hook and Ladder Co. Profiteers.

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"E" VERYBODY BE SURE TO COME DOWN TO THE FIRE MEETING TONIGHT," said Doc as the 5:30 P. M. was nearing the Paradise station.

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